

Distributor Profile:
Jerry Davis

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Photo Essay

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Capturing the
Moment

PG 16



JUNE 10TH-23RD 2011 ISSUE 201

STREETVIBES

ADVOCATING JUSTICE • BUILDING COMMUNITY

\$1

Donation

Tebbe Remembered

SUSAN LAKES
Streetvibes Staff Writer

The trees, planters, patio seating area and signs all look the same at Venice on Vine in downtown Cincinnati. So do the streetlights. The

restaurant is still a hub of activity, serving up some hot pizza, organic coffee and a variety of meals while trainers train and learners learn.



Mary "Tebbe" Farrell. *Photo: Venice on Vine*

Opportunities to dine in or carry out remain, and the place still bills itself as "Good Food for a Good Cause," with diversity, education, community and collaboration as guiding values.

Things might look the same, but they aren't. Tebbe isn't there.

Mary "Tebbe" Farrell, Venice on Vine's beloved trainer, died May 20, 2011. The sting of the loss is still fresh for her co-workers, friends and those she dedicated her life to serving. The loss is real, but those close to her vow they'll carry on. After all, that's what the energetic playwright, video and music producer, arts promoter and educator would want.

Tebbe is gone but not forgotten. "There isn't any place in this restaurant you won't see the footprint of Tebbe," said Rina Saperstein, execu-



Tebbe's chair at Venice on Vine remains the same as it was when she used it. *Photo: Josie Pickens*

tive director for Venice on Vine/Venice Catering.

Tebbe brought special gifts and talents to the workplace, and many credit her work with making Venice a

See Tebbe, page 5

Seeking Refuge in a Street Paper

INÊS SANTINHOS GONÇALVES
Street News Service
www.streetnewsservice.org

The reasons why people become street paper vendors are many and diverse. Some are homeless; others suffer mental or physical health problems, struggle with addiction or face unemployment. And some people do it because the magazines offer them the refuge they so desperately need.

Around the world, street papers have been welcoming people who felt too insecure to stay in their home lands. Whether or not they

have official refugee status in their newly adopted countries, what these vendors often have in common is the fear to return to



Isaac Nwankwere, who escaped from Nigeria, sells the street paper Augustin in Austria. *Photo: Mario Lang / Augustin*

See Seeking Refuge, page 10

The Failing
American Dream

PG 5



Building Bridges
Through Music

PG 6



Day by Day
Calendar Project

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BRIEF UPDATES

STAFF REPORT

ALEC Follow Up: In the May 13th edition #199, we introduced you to the American Legislative Executive Council or ALEC for short, when peaceful protesters marched on Fountain Square to demand accountability and transparency from the group of legislators and policy advocates who held a spring task force meeting in the Queen City April 29. The protesters made these demands from ALEC:

- All donors of \$200 and more,
- ALEC members who hold elected office,
- Full text of model legislation and public policy discussion leading up to the legislation, and
- Disclosure of the cases in which ALEC model legislation is entered into bills, specifically the source of the legislative text.

In a follow up email to Reagan Weber, director of public affairs for ALEC, we asked for the same information and more. Specifically, we're interested in finding out just what the group accomplished when it met in Cincinnati and just who from our area is on the ALEC membership roll.

Follow up is particularly important since ALEC billed the Cincinnati task force meeting this way: State Legislators Gather and Discuss State Policy Solutions to Lead the Nation to Economic Success and Stability.

The ALEC representative has had four days to send her response or to direct us to a source who can respond. We've heard nothing so far. We'll keep you updated on that request.

Pet Companions Follow Up:

After our pet story ran in the May 13th edition #199, we heard some good news about what one service organization is doing for people and pets.

Senior Services of Northern Kentucky has a Animeals-On-Wheels program where donated pet food is delivered to seniors who receive home meals.

Animeals-On-Wheels began about five years ago after staff discovered that some seniors were sharing their home-delivered meals with their non-human friends. Senior Services put out a plea for pet food donations, and the public came to the rescue.

Senior Services of Northern Kentucky needs your help. You can donate pet food at the Covington Office, located at 1032 Madison Avenue. Drop it off or call (859) 491-0522 if you'd like to have it picked up. Senior Services also accepts people food donations. (shelf stable products), and welcomes new volunteers.

"Who Ya Gonna Call?!"

Not the Ghostbusters if you're trying to unclog a toilet

Do you call a plumber to wire a home? You certainly could pick up phone and call a plumber to come and wire a room in your home. Most plumbers would immediately say, "No, I can't wire a home, I am a plumber not a certified electrician." Most plumbers would say "If I wired your home I would put you in danger and my business in danger, because I am not qualified to safely do electricity." But of course, nearly all of us would never call a plumber to do wiring. What stops us? Clearly common sense, a desire to do things sustainably correct and especially safe stop us. A sense that we want our home to be the best that it can, stops us. What would you do if a plumber knocked on your door and said, "Hey, I heard you need some wiring done, I'll do the wiring for a discount and I'll also bring some of my other plumber friends to help so the job get's done



quickly." Would your eyes get wide and heart start beating fast because you found a way to get the job done quickly and cheaply? Or would common sense, a desire for sustainable quality and safety still click in? Most likely, you would so, "No, I'm going to call a certified electrician to do my wiring." One more question, what if one of those "protect your money" programs came on the television and the topic was "How to Safely Wire your Home on Budget," and immediately after the title flashed you saw a person with a snake, plunger and badge saying "certified plumber," would you listen to her or his advice? Ok, just checking one more time, obviously you would not.

Well guess what. In the city of Cincinnati and the county of Hamilton, we have an organization masquerading as something they are not. We have an organization acting as if they are experts on an area of study they have no certifiable training in. Currently 3CDC is parading about the region explaining that they are working to create better shelters and services for people who are homeless. They are claiming to be leading much of these processes and to know what people who are homeless need. This is interesting because nobody on their staff is a Social Worker, Counselor or has ever held a professional position in a shelter, affordable housing provider, jobs placement organization, etc. In addition they are the organization that has repeatedly put people out of their affordable homes and closed affordable housing, despite the fact that the primary cause of homelessness in America is a lack of affordable housing. You would think if they were experts on helping people who are homeless and they cared about ending homelessness, they would not put people out of their affordable homes and lessen the quantity of affordable housing.

So why, when many of us hear 3CDC quoted in the paper, etc. talking about all their hard work for people who are homeless and their new ideas to fight homelessness, do many of us believe them, count their word as that from an expert and move on? The reason is that 3CDC not only looks progressive, colorful and inclusive on the surface, but their board includes many of our local Fortune 500 companies. Companies that not only horde money that the rest of us need, but companies that have spent many years figuring out how to market to all of us and convince that we need things we don't and that they are the only companies that can properly fulfil those needs. We are being duped politically by professional advertisers, salespersons and connivers. We all have different roles, talents and responsibilities. If you are a social worker, do social work, if you are a plumber, do plumbing, if you are condo developer, develop condos (without putting others out), if you are sales person, sell things. It is when we cross these wires that we create role-confusion and conflict. Social workers should social work and not claim to be salespersons, and condo developers should not claim to be shelter experts.

Streetvibes is an activist newspaper, advocating justice and building community. *Streetvibes* reports on economic issues, civil rights, the environment, the peace movement, spirituality and the struggle against homelessness and poverty. Distributed by people who are or once were homeless, in exchange for a \$1 donation, *Streetvibes* is published twice a month by the Greater Cincinnati Coalition for the Homeless (GCCH)

GCCH is a 501(c)3 non-profit organization that works to eradicate homelessness in Cincinnati through coordination of services, public education, grassroots advocacy and *Streetvibes*.

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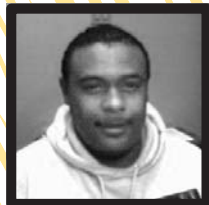


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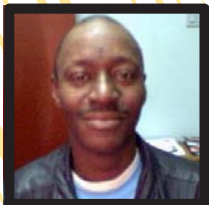
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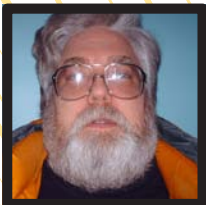
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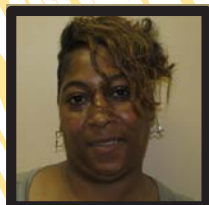
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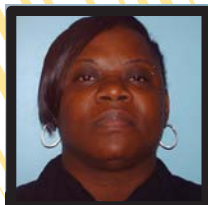
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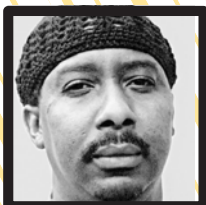
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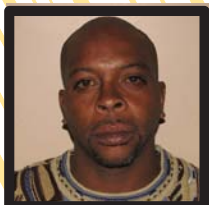
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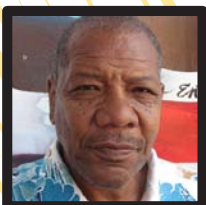
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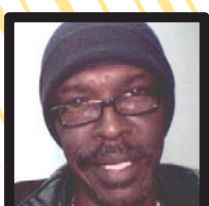
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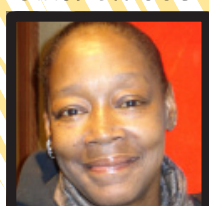
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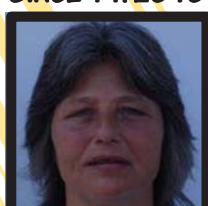
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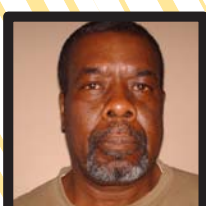
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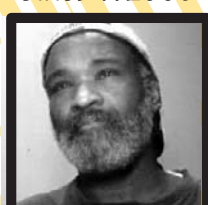
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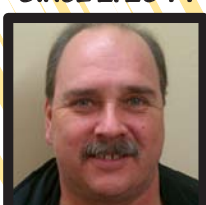
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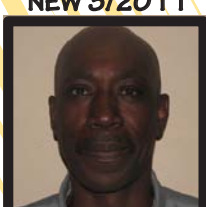
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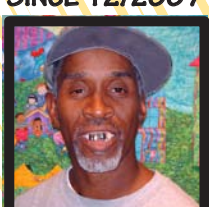
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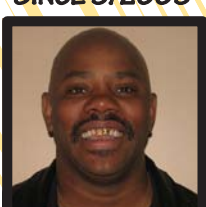
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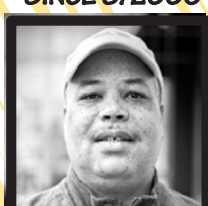
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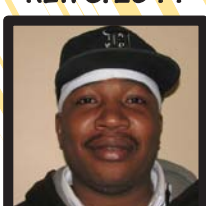
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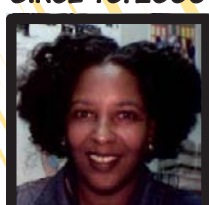
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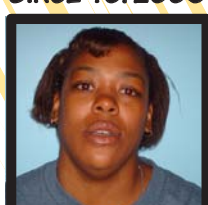
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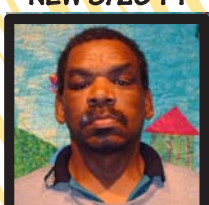
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STREETVIBES!
DISTRIBUTOR PROGRAM

Distributor Profile: Jerry Davis

SUSAN LAKES
Streetvibes Staff Writer

Jerry Davis, 46, is so new to selling *Streetvibes* you haven't seen his photo appear alongside ones of other vendors.

He decided to take the job to meet people and make contacts for his landscaping business.

That hasn't happened yet, but he's positive. "You never know when that might come," he said. "Timing is everything."

When he's not working, Davis reads and collects comic books. It's a hobby he got hooked on as a child.

He also watches Sci-Fi, and enjoys the old Alfred Hitchcock films.

Davis is getting in a routine for *Streetvibes* sales. He's found that early in the week, sales are slower, so he spends most of his time distributing on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.



Jerry Davis, *Streetvibes* distributor.

Photo: Susan Lakes

Davis likes having the supplemental income, but there's something besides the money that made him pick *Streetvibes*. "Maybe I can make a difference," he said, adding that he enjoys reading the stories about people he knows.

Davis picked another way to make a difference even before he decided to distribute the papers. He was one of first members of The Homeless Congress, a new initiative sponsored by The Greater Cincinnati Homeless Coalition. He did this at a time in his life when he lost his job and had to move into a local shelter.

Davis will return to college in the fall to study information systems or landscaping/horticulture. He says he is prepared for the challenge this time around.

THE DETAILS: To find out more about the Homeless Congress contact Riccardo Taylor at (513) 421-7803, or stop by the Greater Cincinnati Coalition for the Homeless at 117 East 12th Street in Cincinnati.

Interested in becoming a Streetvibes Distributor? Follow these six simple steps to be on your way:

- 1) Pick up a Distributor packet at the Greater Cincinnati Coalition for the Homeless, located at 117 East 12th Street, Cincinnati.
- 2) Fill out the Distributor Application Form, and initial each statement on the Code of Conduct and sign & review the Disciplinary Policy
- 3) Read the most recent copy of *Streetvibes*.
- 4) Attend an Orientation Thursdays at 10AM
- 5) Take and pass the quiz Tuesdays at 10AM.
- 6) Receive approval and have your picture taken, a badge will be made and you will be provided with 10 free papers to get you started!

Questions? Call: (513) 421-7803

The Meaning

Often we have to ask ourselves what is the meaning of life? And without the expectation of answers we start a search. A search that starts outside of ourselves, always looking for answers before we even present a question. So, I ask, are the answers to life's questions external as we often seem to think, or are they internal as the innate realms of our existence indicates?

Well I suppose the answer can only be determined by investigation of our thoughts and beliefs. Therefore, the meaning of life can be realized only through the searching of the self, in so much to say, embracing our uniqueness. The reality that everyone has uniqueness that is relative to everyone else, yet so different is, the epitome of being. So you ask, what is it that I am talking about exactly? Well, the simplest of answers is the meaning of life.

What is life? Beyond the biological and mental, life is a series of ups and downs, wins and losses. Some say it's what you make it while others

says life makes you. So, the meaning will be as varied as the individuals.

Far too often we are looking for those external elements to give us true meaning, only to find in time that those elements fade, or become outdated and we need to find replacements in order to satisfy their meanings.

We continue to seek relief from our stresses focusing on the symptoms instead of the causes. Again, those outside factors which make things much more difficult to control, we seemingly can never conclude, keep us from ever concluding exactly what it is that creates our problems. We can play the blame game and never accept the responsibility; if only the world would change so that it would fit the way I would like it to be! Something is always going wrong, and I know it has to be everybody and every thing but me! So the question remains! What is the meaning of life?

STREET LIFE



RICCARDO TAYLOR
Staff Writer

The idea of taking on responsibility has to play a part. We keep seeing that all those ifs, and, why's continue to come out the same way! It's the what's, how's and when's that we have to account for. It is for that reason we have to stop looking for the meaning of life outside of us, and start to look for the meaning from within.

Keeping up with the Jones' makes you feel good but does it satisfy or take care of the things you need? Our indulgence of everything that appeals to our senses leads to discomforts and troubles. Immediate gratification comes from the outside, while true pleasure comes from within.

Oh! finding that exact combination of the external and internal to grasp the correct formula for searching the self is in finality the only path for discovering the true meaning of life. So we search!

Although I search with the tools of understanding I also am con-



Riccardo Taylor. *Photo: GCCH*

founded by the meaning of life.

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Who Is the Wizard Behind the Big Screen?



LEE MCCOY
Contributing Writer and Streetvibes Distributor



Lee McCoy. *Photo: Paul Davis Photography*

You can bet it's not the Wizard of Oz—after all, we don't live in Kansas. Only in Cincinnati do you have a wizard who has flunked wizard school. No one likes a person who is in control of what you watch. But let me explain why I am so hot at whoever is the controller of The Big Screen on Fountain Square.

I am watching the Dallas/Oklahoma game, game two, Dallas leading by 20 points the whole game. It was a run away until the fourth quarter, nine minutes left in the game, Oklahoma down by 20 points, and all of a sudden Oklahoma started to play like it was the beginning of the game. Now I am sitting on the edge of my seat. Some of my buddies hitting me on the back, my arms telling me here they come, and sure enough, they

were coming back.

Now here's what got me hot: four minutes left in the game, Dallas' lead had sunk from 20 to seven. I turned my head to say something to my friend, look back up at the screen and Lord forgive me for the things that spewed out of my mouth. Guess what happened?

They switched the game to Saturday Night Live. I couldn't believe this. My friends told me to calm down (they do this all the time). I was too hot to listen. Off to find the Wizard—and I am not talking about the Wizard of Oz.

I found two of the ambassadors who clean up Cincinnati and they told me to go down to the garage and talk to the people down there. Well I found two guys behind this grass cage. When I tried to find out who controlled the Screen, it might as well have been a joke to them. But I was not laughing. Then, like a slap in the face, I came back to reality. Only in Cincinnati can something like this happen. Even if Dorothy were here with me, clicking her heels three times, it wouldn't do any good.

Okay, let's move to May 29th, the Cincinnati Reds playing Atlanta. It's a good pitching game, Atlanta up two to one in the seventh inning, and you won't believe this. Déjà vu—this time we go to poker on the Screen. Now let me give you some background. People are drinking, eating Taste of Cincinnati, glaring at the game, some watching while drinking a beer. After that switch, I just started watching the people going to do something else.

Only in Cincinnati do they tell you to come on down to downtown for the Wizard who flunked counting school changing channels like the lollipop kids. It costs an arm and a leg to park, and the biggest joke in the Land of Oz that they call Fountain Square: Why is the bathroom locked when you have something? People moving around, some drinking beer, coming out of windows, watching or just looking around the Square, but if they have to use the bathroom, "Sorry, Charlie." If there is no event, the bathroom is closed by 9pm.

Now I see why people relieve themselves in different doorways. I mean it does look better in somebody's corner than on oneself. What would you do? And it's not just the poor or the homeless. I see people with suits on, females lifting up their dress. But then again, doesn't 3CDC run Fountain Square? Only in Cincinnati does the Wicked Witch live forever.

Upon returning to Fountain Square, however, it would appear that the good witch Glenda did a nice turn for the folks of Cincinnati and landed a few porta-potties there; shame they didn't squish the Wizard of the Big Screen.

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The Failing American Dream

Musings from an Outsider Looking In

 **CATIE DARGUE**
Streetvibes Staff Writer

I spent the weekend in Loudoun County Virginia, it was beautiful; green rolling hills, lush trees, horses in pasture, vineyards that stretch as far as the eye can see, and houses. Those big American dream sort of houses with four garages on the side, three stories high, American flag flying outside the porch, swing set in the back, and a BBQ grill just begging to be used. But there was something very wrong with this picture. There were no people. The houses were all for sale, no cars in the garage, windows open with no furniture in sight, and no smoke on that BBQ. Whether the houses are new, people have moved, or they have been repossessed, I have to ask myself, is this the American Dream? What happened?

I have struggled for a long time my own personal definition of the "American Dream" and though I think it's different for every individual I do feel that there is a pressure from our country to conform to a certain image, an image that most people would say they are having trouble maintaining.

In high school I knew I would go to college because it was "the next step," but no one ever explained to me how to afford this. We were told (by our mentors, the Game of Life, and our country) that if we went to college and got a degree we would get a better paying job. It wouldn't matter what we took out in loans because our well paying job would pay them off for us. I got lucky, I received some federal grants, a local scholarship, help from my father (who selflessly extended his own retirement to put me through school) and I managed to emerge a graduate with only \$20,000 of debt, *only!* I got an okay job about three months later which was the result of connections and not my job history or new BA degree. Though I was earning pretty good wages for myself loan payments were hard to swing along with rent, credit card bills, and transportation, though I never owned a car until I was 28.

A couple years later I got antsy. I could, if I wanted, slowly climb the corporate ladder towards a job I never imagined having and maybe a comfortable salary, but that wasn't me. I wanted to pursue my passion for theatre and perhaps get noticed. Additionally, I was keen to the buzz



Source: <http://blogs.independent.co.uk/2010/11/30/waking-up-from-the-american-dream/>

that if I had a master's degree I could earn even more money at what I was doing. How would I pay for the extra student loans? My really high paying job would help me cover them surely. At this point I had seen most of my undergraduate friends compete for jobs in Starbucks and local restaurants and I thought, where were all these amazing high paying jobs we were assured? No bother, I'll go back to school and I'm sure they will await my graduation.

I was lucky to have a part time job during grad school that then hired me full time after because again there were no jobs that I could apply for that utilized my education and my skill set. Now I was about \$70,000 in debt, no promise of a better job on the horizon, no car, still renting and putting most of my expenses on my credit cards because I wasn't getting paid enough to live. And as it would happen I fell in love and I got married, and then expenses doubled with both of us fresh out of our master's degrees and the economy tanking.

At this point I'm starting to take stock of this supposed American Dream and where exactly I fit in. I was doing what I loved and not getting paid for it, getting underpaid to do a job I could have done in high school, madly in love with my husband, badly in debt between both of us, traveling and having experiences that I knew many others were jealous of, no home base,

no mortgage, no car, no babies on the way, and no burgers on the grill.

Most of my friends who were actually making some money still complained constantly that it wasn't enough while they seemed to disappear into a working depression where life was dull, money was everything, and passion was a dream of the past. My trust funder friends from university all moved back in with their parents or lived in an apartment rented or bought by their parents while they figured out what they wanted to do with their lives, and then complained that the \$2000 month trust fund was no longer enough to pay for their life style. My poor friends have remained just that, poor. Some of them were able to pursue engineering degrees and land good jobs that helped at least pull them out of poverty, but most of us are in about the same place. Underappreciated, overworked, underpaid, and stuck for the next 30 years with debt that we can't seem to justify anymore.

The sad part is, I still want that ideal American Dream. I want that house that's so big I don't know what to do with all the space; I want the four cars in the driveway (the practical car, the fun car, my husband's car, and the one we're fixing up on the weekends). Sometimes I find it so disgusting to want all of this when I know so many people just want a roof (any roof) over their heads and something to eat. Why does this dream get

ingrained into so many of our brains? And why do we feel like if we're not living up to it, we've failed somehow? Why is it that all my friends who have well paying, capitalist market jobs seem unhappy? All those friends with mortgages just want out, and so on. It seems that people forget that homelessness is just a few steps away from any of us at any moment, and that maybe this American dream we're all chasing is like a helium balloon caught in a breeze – out of reach and impossible to chase after.

Where in the American Dream does it say that you can have it all, but be sure to step on those below you to get it? Why is it that those with everything share so little and those who have nothing share it all? I want to know and I don't know that I ever will. Through working at the Coalition my perspective on many things have been changed, and perhaps we as a nation need to change our American Dream to be less about greed and more about the intended life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. If you're reading this, try to be thankful today for something you have, and try to help someone else who may need a little extra. It can only make us a stronger nation as opposed to becoming divided by the dollar in pursuit of the impossible pipe dream.

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Tebbe Remembered

Continued from page 1

place that prioritizes learning in a special way. She was hired to coordinate tutoring and work with students/workers on GED and Adult Basic Education skills.

Tebbe went way beyond her job description. She redesigned a menu, brought in musicians to fundraise, set up art exhibits, built up the volunteer worker base and headed up an empowering project that put students in charge of office space design.

Tebbe talked about the whys of her job about a month before her death. "Why do I do this? I do this because I love so much what I do. And I learn so much from the people that I work with. It's the greatest mission I've ever been involved with. And it has brought the best out in me."

The 55-year-old's efforts didn't go unnoticed. Venice planned to put her on the staff roster this fall when her time with AmeriCorps ended, Saper-

stein said. She excelled in development, and Venice was going to have Tebbe head up that department

"She loved this job," said longtime friend, Mark Bennison. The two met in 1981 at Moles Records, the city's first used record shop. True to Tebbe's curious nature, she approached Mark and asked, "Who are you? I've seen you around."

The two spent time talking, but it was Christmas time that Bennison remembers. They reserved that time for a movie, but not just any film. It has to be something with a message, because that's just the kind of person Tebbe was. She liked themes with causes and fought for what she believed in.

Dennison will remember her as a "nefarious chameleon," a multi-faceted person who adapted well to any situation.

Another friend, Josie Pickens,

remembers Tebbe as passionate and spunky.

Tears rimmed Pickens eyes as she talked about what AmeriCorps meeting days are like now that Tebbe's gone. "This past Wednesday was strange," Pickens said quietly during a recent interview inside Venice. "It was the last time I didn't come here to pick her up."

Pickens met Tebbe when they both joined the domestic Peace Corp, AmeriCorps. Although Tebbe drove, they ride shared to bi-weekly meetings for economic and social reasons. It was Pickens who did the driving after picking Tebbe up at her workplace.

"She loved this job," Pickens said. She even marked off personal space in the back room offices of the restaurant. Her chair with the words, "Tebbe's chair" remains in her space that's front and center below the big stacks of GED training materials.

Trainee Daniel McEntee, 18, remembers what a help Tebbe was to him when he began training for GED in April. "She believed in me," he said, adding she was a good influence. "She would help anyone who wanted the help."

McEntee hope for the best for Tebbe's family though their grief. He'll take his GED and finish the goal---the office space redesign--- he and Tebbe planned. "I think about her every time I look at that desk."

THE DETAILS: Contact Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, Adult Education Fund, 701 Columbia Avenue for information about Tebbe's memorial fund.

Little Hands:Big Hands

Building Bridges Through Music

SUSAN LAKES
Streetvibes Staff Writer

Little hands lugged violin cases. Big hands clutched backpacks and bags.

Then, when the little hands glided smoothly over the strings and bows, music rang out, and the big hands let go of the cargo and life possessions long enough to clap. Some of those adults with the big hands even cheered "Bravo" and "Alright" as the small bodies with the little hands bowed and smiled.

This was the scene at the Drop-Inn Center, the area's largest homeless shelter, on a recent Friday afternoon. Suzuki violin students from the city's School of Performing Arts took center stage for an afternoon concert and reception.

Dave Mason, faculty member for the school and director of the children's orchestra, set a neighborly tone for the interaction between the big-handed shelter residents and the smaller-handed student musicians. "We're here from the school next door," he said. The Performing Arts Center moved into a new building a block away from the homeless shelter in 2010, creating some concern and tension.

That tension about the school's proximity to the shelter was the reason why a small informal committee formed. It is called SCPA/OTR and its goal is to build bridges, change attitudes and build a solid relationship be-

tween the School for Performing Arts and the Over-Rhine community as a whole.

Understanding and education, not controversy, was what was on the mind of one of the young musician's dads. Ricco Johnson said his daughter had some questions about the scheduled concert at the Drop Inn Center. Johnson, partner in the Over-Rhine-Business MIXX, planned to talk with his daughter, Mhilton after the visit and answer any of her questions.

"This is good for the community and the children," Johnson said about the concert. "A lot of people shy away [from homeless shelters], but it [homelessness] could happen to any of us."

Mason certainly didn't shy away when he picked the concert venue. "I told the kids they'd like playing here," he said, complimenting the lively acoustics inside the shelter.



Mhilton Johnson tunes her violin. **Photo: Susan Lakes**

Center residents were glad he picked The Drop Inn Center, too. Resident Jacklyn Jones heard the violin music, and it stirred some memories from way back. "It reminds me of stuff I did in school," she said. "It's a nice concert and the kids did a good job. It was entertaining."

Once the music ended, the little hands clutched ice cream cones. So did the big hands.

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THE DETAILS: For more information about the SCPA/OTR committee, contact Jeni Jenkins at (513) 421-7803 Ex.14

Lesson Learned:

Students in Philanthropy Courses Graduate into Community Leaders

JESSE CALL
Streetvibes Intern Writer

A local university has discovered that college students that participated in a student philanthropy project as part of an academic class are more likely to be engaged with non-profit charitable organizations after graduation.

A recent research project by a faculty member has revealed that alumni who participated in the Mayerson Student Philanthropy Project at Northern Kentucky University, a program designed to allow

rates in volunteering, making financial contributions, and serving on an organization's board of directors.

Julie Olberding, an assistant professor teaching primarily graduate-level nonprofit management courses, polled alumni participants and compared her results to federal figures from the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Olberding has taught Mayerson classes before.

71 percent of Mayerson alumni volunteer with nonprofit organizations, compared to only 28 percent nationally, according to the research study. Olberding also discov-

an impact on students in the long-term," Olberding said. She said that she was glad to see "to what degree [student philanthropy] is changing students lives to be better doers and better citizens in the region of Northern Kentucky and Greater Cincinnati."

Until now, there had been no research designed to measure if students continued to be engaged in the community after graduating. However, research and evaluations had indicated that students wanted to get more involved as a result of the courses.

Nonetheless, Olberding remained cautious in her research findings. She said that her research shows that alumni get more involved, but does not necessarily prove that the Mayerson student philanthropy project was the main cause or catalyst.

"Further study is needed," she said. "One way to look at this further would be to look at them in a control group. We just looked at alumni who participated in the Mayerson project." She said other factors that are part of the NKU education could be leading graduates to serve.

However, she said she does not believe that the information is skewed by the kinds of students who would be willing to participate in a class which includes a philanthropy project.

The Mayerson project incorporates a related philanthropy project into existing classes across courses in almost all of NKU's academic departments. Olberding says many students do not even realize a philanthropy project is part of the class when they enroll in it.

Mark Neikirk, the director of the Scripps Howard Center for Civic Engagement at NKU, which oversees the Mayerson project, was more optimistic about what the research indicates. He said the research "proves what I thought would be so... [and] what you would expect to be so."

He said Mayerson classes have already been show to increase engage-

ment in the classroom when students feel what they learn is being used to make a difference. To him, it makes sense that that sentiment would linger beyond graduation.

The movement to include community outreach as part of the academic process has been on the rise at colleges and universities in recent years, but not without a few naysayers that doubt its usefulness or feel it pressures students to care about certain causes and not others.

But Neikirk said national research, and not just this recent NKU study, have demonstrated that service-learning works and benefits students, colleges and communities.

Olberding said she has never felt any discouragement among NKU faculty for including service-learning in the curriculum. In fact, she feels it is expected under the university's mission.

"I just honestly haven't heard criticism. That indicates [service-learning classes] are to be expected and people see it a positive light at NKU," she said. Neikirk agreed.

216 organizations have received funding from the Mayerson Project, including the Greater Cincinnati Coalition for the Homeless, the publisher of *Streetvibes*. Program organizers say total funding has exceeded \$500,000 to organizations helping a wide range of charities including human services, animal and environmental protection, advocacy organizations, art groups and faith-based programs.

The program is funded through the Manuel D. and Rhoda Mayerson Foundation after a partnership was solicited by NKU's president, James Votruba, and is in its 11th year.

Northern Kentucky University is a public university located about seven minutes south of downtown Cincinnati in Highland Heights, KY

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Daryl Harris introduces members of his class, The Arts of Social Change, to present a Mayerson philanthropy award to the community agency of their choice. **Photo: NKU**

students to use what they learn in courses to benefit community agencies, became involved in nonprofit organizations at much higher rates than the general U.S. population. These graduates exceeded national

ered that three times as many Mayerson alumni served on the board of nonprofit organizations compared to the general population.

"The evidence that we have collected shows that student philanthropy does have

Meetup

Homeless in Providence

 **JIM LUKEN**
Contributing Writer

Providence. The word is often associated with the word “Divine,” as in Divine providence, the beneficent gifts of God, gifts that come—if only occasionally to all humans. “Providence” also implies luck, of the good variety.

I am unashamedly a poor guy who lives in OTR and volunteers to write for my favorite paper, Streetvibes. By the providence of my younger daughter Sarah’s generosity, I found myself recently flying to Providence, Rhode Island (RI) to meet up with my older son, David, a native Cincinnati like me, who has been living along the Narragansett Bay near the city with his girlfriend Katie. For five months of the year they live on a small 40 year-old sailboat they named “Lady Poverty,” for reasons that are too complicated to explain.

Before I left on the trip, I had decided to try to write an article for Streetvibes on the homeless situation in the smallest state of the union, if possible. There were problems. I had no car. I would have only a few days to do the research; and I knew almost nothing about getting around in this large metropolitan area. Although located amidst a vacation-land by the ocean, Providence is a working class town (about the size of Cincinnati), with large ethnic minorities of Portuguese and Puerto Ricans.

My son fixed up an old bike for me, handed me a map, and pointed me toward downtown, where I was (relatively) certain to find the homeless population. I was soon to learn that in this city, finding the homeless might be more difficult than I had expected.

In the middle of town, I mentioned my Cincinnati roots to two motorcycle policemen, standing by their bikes near the bus station. They joked about Cincinnati’s motorcycle cops, whom—they had learned—didn’t ride in the wintertime. In a heavy Boston accent, one of them called our cops a name I can’t repeat here. They had no idea where the Coalition for the Homeless might be, and had never heard of Street Sights, the RI homeless newspaper. But they sent me to a nearby non-profit office where I got my bearings.

Several inquiries more and I was on my way to Crossroads Rhode Island, the largest homeless services agency in the state. I rode past the Dunkin’ Donuts Civic Center only to find myself lost again. I asked a slightly threadbare gentleman close to my age for additional directions and he sent me left from the crossroads where we stood. Then came a warning. “I don’t think you want to go over there, buddy.

There’s some bad people hang out around there.” Without bothering to correct the stereotype, I headed down Broad Street to find a nine-story building (the former YMCA) standing alone on a street corner near the express-way.

Lots of people, mostly white and Latino were milling outside the building. I locked my bike and entered the cramped lobby, where 10 or 12 others were sitting or standing about. At the counter, I ask to speak to someone who might explain the local homeless situation. They handed me a phone.

The person at the other end was Karen Santilli, the Vice President of Marketing and Development at Crossroads. She asks if I could come back at another time. I tell her I am on a bike, and that that might be difficult. So she agrees to talk to me in a conference room on the second floor. “Give me ten minutes,” she says. And I sit down with a copy of Street Sights, the local homeless newspaper. The 20-page paper is beautifully laid out, with lots of poems and pieces by homeless writers.

Santilli comes down and escorts me to a conference room upstairs, and—in about a half-hour’s time— she walks me through the facts and figures related to homelessness in Rhode Island, and to Crossroads itself, which is the primary provider of life services to homeless individuals and families—using the continuum-of-care model—for the entire state.

“Crossroads has its roots in a Traveler’s Aid organization that dates back to 1894,” Santilli said. “Eight years ago we moved in here, which was the former YMCA building. It was in dreadful shape.”

They remodeled the entire building which now provides 200 small apartments, and 14 efficiencies, each of which house individuals who were formerly homeless. The building also provides emergency shelter for as many as 100 individuals each night. I was amazed to learn that the emergency shelter’s doors stay open all day and all night, 365 days a year. There is no curfew.

“We provide storage lockers, so individuals can leave their belongings in order to look for work, as well as shower and laundry facilities,” Santilli said.

Crossroads provides permanent supportive housing for 57 families. And 15 more families are housed on an emergency basis. Santilli says that Crossroads works with many other groups and agencies, but they are somewhat unique in that they are a comprehensive model with all services, including an outreach van, generated from the massive old “Y” building. She says that “a little” of their funding comes from the state and city. They receive considerable corporate support, and \$2 million in private donations annually.

When I suggested that folks from Cincinnati, might want to visit Rhode Island, and see how Crossroads functions, Santilli was quick to agree. “Part of our vision is to become a national model in

the way we provide continuum of care at many levels.”

After my interview, I went back downstairs to the tiny lobby outside the main desk at Crossroads. I needed to find a homeless person to share his or her story. For my “Meetup” columns at *Streetvibes*, I often sit down for lunch at Our Daily Bread, open up a conversation and then ask the person if he or she would like to be in the paper.

So I sat down on the bench in the lobby, said hello to several people, but was quickly turned down by both. I went outside and saw a man who had greeted me earlier when asking me about my old bike. The guy had long, curly gray hair streaming out from under a baseball cap.

“Are you homeless?” I asked.
“I was until I moved in here.”
“Are you willing to talk about it for the homeless newspaper in Cincinnati?”

“Okay. Why not?”
“Is there someplace where we can sit down for a few minutes?”

He looked around. Apparently Crossroads did not want people loitering, so there were no benches anywhere. “We can go up to my apartment.”
“Great!” I said, happy to get a chance to see the conditions there close up.

I handed my driver’s license to the person at the front desk and we walked to the third floor apartment of 60 year-old Hector Gonzales. It was small, modern and very neat. We sat down at the kitchen table.

Hector ate some chips and salsa as he answered my question in a somewhat agitated manner, flailing his arms about and chopping the edge of his hand into the table. Before coming to Crossroads, he had been homeless for a year and a half, following four or five other bouts with homelessness. At some point in the past he had been a pipe-fitter for ten years at the naval yard in Connecticut.

I asked him what was the worst thing about being homeless. This may have been the wrong question to ask in this instance.

“The worst thing is dealing with assholes,” he said, chopping the table hard. “Black, white, Spanish, Chinese. You meet all kinds of assholes. Pedophiles, rapists, macho-types. You meet all kinds. You gotta have twenty eyes.

“Don’t get me wrong,” he yelled, “I’d call Wall Street guys ‘assholes’ too.”

I asked him what the best thing in his life was.

“The best thing is that I found Christ. Any religion that condemns homosexuality.” Hector was gesturing wildly at this point. “That’s a mortal sin. I don’t care what you say. I don’t believe in being racist, prejudiced against rich and poor. That’s just a way to escape, Everybody shits, you know. We get old. Things like that. Money’s shit. But money’s good. Don’t get me wrong, It don’t mean shit to me.” My interviewee was certainly not at a loss for words. I asked if he had any plans.

“I’m too old to have plans. I just let God let me live as long as he wants. I’m not going to be a pussy for anything, anyone. I don’t let money rule my life.” The phone in his apartment rings, and I can hear the woman at the desk tell Hector he has guests. I can tell he wants the interview brought to a quick close. “Any thoughts to pass on to our readers?” I ask
“Yeah. If something bad happens to you, turn it into something positive. Let’s go!” I follow him downstairs, where

two attractive younger women are waiting. He lets me out of the door and welcomes the two women in. “No wonder he wanted to end our little chat,” I think.

I am anxious to learn about the local homeless newspaper. I learn that the paper, like Streetvibes, comes out of the Homeless Coalition office, an advocacy group, located—I’m told—way across town. No one is sure exactly where. I ask for a phone number, but no one can find one. Not even in the city’s directory. I am at a loss as to what to do.

“Wait a minute,” someone says.
“Here’s Stan. He works for the paper. You can talk to him.”

Stan is Stan Kapelewski, a large man with a gray pony tail, also 60. He is on crutches, and has come to Crossroads to check the special mailbox for Street Sights, the local homeless newspaper. He tells me that he is the creative writing editor for the paper, and that they have a number of these boxes located around town for folks to submit their writing or comments. I comment that this is a great idea.

Stan then comments that it is pure luck that I ran into him, in that there is no one from the paper at the Coalition office, except when they are laying out the newspaper, which is a monthly. He says that we can sit down at an office in the business district where homeless people gather in the mornings for coffee and conversation. I follow Stan, myself with my bike, and Stan cruising on his crutches to a nice office about ten long blocks from Crossroads. He explains that Street Sights is, according to research, the only homeless newspaper in the world that is provided free to readers, and is produced entirely by volunteers. I had noticed an absence of vendors in the city. Now I knew why.

“It creates a bit of a problem. We like the idea of it being a free, but it would be good for the homeless to make a few bucks. We haven’t figured out a resolution,” Stan explains.

We sit down at the George Hunt Center. A sign explains that folks can come and sit there in the morning for a maximum of fort-five minutes. Stan lays out his story in brief. He is a graduate of Syracuse University (Psychology/Philosophy) who, through a series of circumstances, found himself homeless from 2005 to 2009. “I moved from shelter to shelter,” then to transitional housing. Now I have my own apartment with another formerly homeless guy.” His life improved greatly, he says, after (public aid) finally agreed to pay for a hip replacement.

Mostly he wants to talk about the newspaper. “It’s been around for four years, and I am a founding member. It’s work of the heart. We don’t even have a real office. In a sense, the paper itself is homeless,” Stan beams. “It is truly a work of the heart.”

Kapelewski’s heart is in the creative pages. “What I love most about the paper is giving people their voice, and an opportunity to express themselves.” He says he works 40-60 hours a week. “I’ll work 20 more hours if I have to. We are not going to let this paper go down.”

We wrap up the interview, and I ask Stan if there is a decent place to get a cheap lunch in the area.
“Do you like Chinese?” he says. “The place next door is good. I’ll buy.” I try to convince him to let me buy, but he insists. I can’t quite believe a homeless guy is paying for my lunch. At the end of our meal, I crack open my fortune cookie. It reads: “Luck helps those who help themselves.”
“Indeed,” I think.



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BABY IT'S HOT OUTSIDE!!



SUSAN LAKES
Streetvibes Staff Writer

Break out the sun dresses, water bottles, fans and icy drinks. Summer arrived a bit early to the Tri-State.

The National Weather Service predicts the heat and humidity is here, at least for the immediate future. You might see a few storms sprinkled in with the sun.

Heat? It's not bothering some. We found a few of them around town.

Lakecia Robinson, 5, blows some bubbles to cool off in Avondale.

Gabryal English, 7, sips on a cold drink to stay cool in Avondale.

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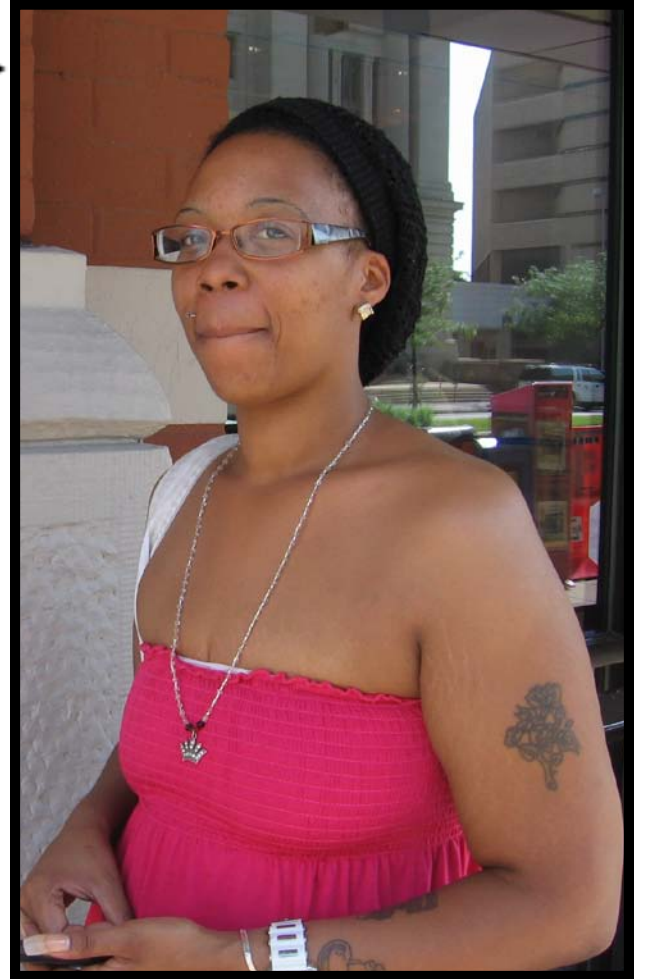
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Zaryah Thompson poses wearing the cool sundress she picked out to wear on a day the temperature exceeded the 90 degree mark.



Dan Bryson checks the castor beans after one of the recent sweltering hot days.



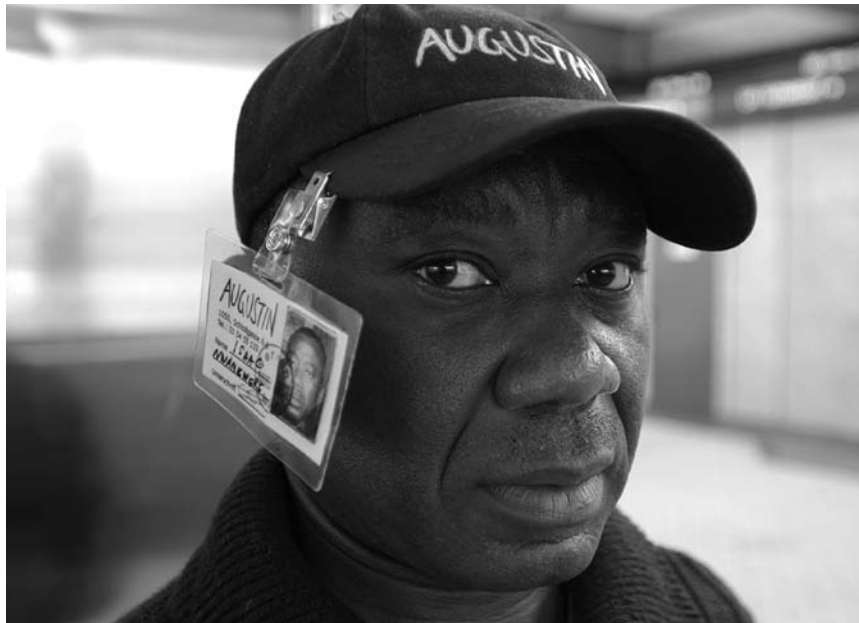
Jay and Carey Bother pick part sun and part shade to stay cool in downtown Cincinnati.



Five year old twin brothers Javeayr and LaMar Spikes do some play dueling with Star Wars lightsabers to keep cool in Avondale.

Seeking Refuge

Continued from page 1



Isaac Nwankwere uses the identity card from Augustin in his hat to have a different look from other street paper vendors. **Photo: Mario Lang / Augustin**

where they came from.

Marian Oshoshor does not like to talk about the reasons that took her to Austria. The Nigerian street paper vendor is cheerful and lively; she prefers to talk about her customers and how much her German has improved since she arrived - she even offers to sing because "if you have a heavy heart, music is the best healer". But Marian, who still remembers how thin she was when she arrived in 2004, had serious reasons to fear staying in Nigeria.

She grew up in a Yoruba family (a West African ethnic group) on the Niger delta, who lived from agriculture and fishing. When the time came, Marian knew she would be subjected to female genital mutilation, since no woman in the village was spared from this traditional practice. She was afraid because she knew that many girls died during the procedure. She asked a journalist to help her escape - she couldn't guess at the time that she would one day end up working in the newspaper industry herself.

Marian is happy she escaped, but she still

remembers bitterly the reaction of the Austrian authorities when she arrived: "The Austrian asylum authorities did not believe me. They thought I was lying".

Tapiwa Chemhere has a different story, one of violence and poverty, but a common thread remains: fear. He escaped with his family from Zimbabwe in 2005.

"I lived in the city, but it was very violent. You were forced to support the main party, and if you didn't they would bomb your house or kill you". Tapiwa's mother decided it was no longer safe for them to stay in Zimbabwe and escaped with her four children to Australia. Their story is far from being exceptional: the economic meltdown and repressive political regime of Robert Mugabe have led to a flood of refugees. An estimated 3.4 million Zimbabweans, a quarter of the population, had fled abroad by mid 2007.

A family of customers

Coming to a new country might save people from a potentially dangerous situation but it is not, by any means, a magical solution for all problems. Many people struggled before and even during their work as a street paper vendor. Being a black woman in Austria, Marian was told she had only one option to make money: "Every person I asked how I could survive here said 'you have two options - prostitution in Prater, or prostitution at the West station'. But selling my body was not an option for me".

Isaac Nwankwere's problems started right upon arrival in Austria. He escaped from Nigeria, trying to flee from a violent uncle. The local church found the possible, although quite irregular, way to take him out of the country: they smuggled him onto a ship. Isaac, who had at that point



Tapiwa Chemhere escaped from the violence and political repression in Zimbabwe. **Photo: Ben Davies**

little knowledge of the world, thought he was going somewhere else. "They told me that I was on my way to Austria. Only I didn't know the difference between Austria and Australia. I thought I was heading for Australia."

Even though the country was a bit different from what he expected - no sunny beaches or rugby fans - Isaac was happy to be in Europe. But adapting to the Austrian way of life was a challenge during the first period as a street paper vendor. "When I started selling the Augustin [street paper] I was a black man in a country of white people and the norms of conduct, everything was different from what I had seen before in Africa. I approached my customers the way I was used to in Nigeria. I put on a lot of pressure. After two or three complaints found their way to the Augustin office I changed my behaviour. Since then there have, luckily, been no complaints".

Today Isaac has a different problem: he is still single. "I just can't believe that I've been in Vienna for so long and still don't have a girlfriend. Every woman in Austria is taken!" he complains. He is thankful, though, for the affection he gets from his customers: "I want to thank my customers. If I knew all their names I would name them one by one. The Austrians are very, very nice people, very kind. A big thank you to Augustin too!"

Marian, who works for the same street paper, shares the feeling. The Nigerian refers to her regular customers as "family". And she has her reasons for it. "One man brings me tea almost every day, because I have to protect myself against catching a cold, he says". Marian has almost ten pairs of gloves at home because people assume that African women are more vulnerable to the cold. One customer, who learned from Marian's identity card that she had the same birthday as him, invited her to his birthday party. And a teacher gave her what she considers her "biggest gift": she paid for German lessons, so that Marian could improve her language skills.

On the other side of the globe, in Australia, Tapiwa got in touch with street paper The Big Issue Australia, and soon started selling the magazine. He says the customers play an important role in supporting street paper vendors in difficult times. "I work for my customers. Some say 'I'll see on Thursday' so I make sure I'm there. I would like to thank my customers for helping me out. Sometimes, if you chat with someone selling the street paper, it makes our day. It makes us feel very encouraged."



Marian Oshoshor sees some of her customers as family. **Photo: Mario Lang / Augustin**



Day by Day is an annual calendar which includes photographs and writing by homeless and formerly homeless individuals in Cincinnati and is distributed by *Streetvibes* distributors.

MISSION

Provide creative and economic opportunities for people experiencing poverty.

HISTORY

The *Day by Day* pilot project began in 2010 as an effort to provide individuals who are financially poor with the opportunity to portray Cincinnati through their own eyes and provide an additional economic opportunity for all *Streetvibes* distributors.

2011-2012 OBJECTIVES

- Facilitate an open ended self expressive process for formerly and currently homeless individuals
- Enrich lives by providing art education and building self-confidence
- Build relationships throughout the community between diverse groups of people
- Through the The Mayerson Service-Learning Program, connect program participants with students from diverse local high schools
- Provide individuals who are financially poor with an economic opportunity
- Raise awareness about homelessness and poverty
- Create a full color 12 month calendar

REASONS TO SUPPORT

1. Empower people to help themselves:

During the pilot program 20 distributors sold 1000 calendars throughout the community, resulting in direct earnings of \$2,500. This year we are determined to expand the program by increasing the print run of calendars to 2500, giving our *Streetvibes* Distributors the opportunity to earn up to \$7,500.

2. Show Cincinnati you care:

Your sponsorship contributes to the development of a healthy community. By sponsoring *Day by Day* you connect yourself or your organization to a project that provides income to impoverished individuals within our own community.

3. Enrich lives:

Your sponsorship helps individuals who may not have the resources to be involved with the local arts community by providing them with a means of self-expression which, in turn, increases self-confidence and self-sufficiency.

4. Promote understanding and build community:

The 2012 calendar and exhibition will receive positive media attention and will create awareness of people experiencing homelessness and poverty.

5. Receive recognition for aligning your organization or business with a cause:

Your sponsorship will provide a great means of promoting your company's image, prestige and credibility.



Program Participants 2010. *Aimie Willhoite Photography*

SPONSORSHIP FORM

Help us reach our goal of expanding the *Day by Day* calendar project. Your sponsorship will help offset the cost of printing 2500 calendars and showcase the creative work of our participants.

BENEFITS OF SPONSORSHIP

All contributions to *Day by Day* are tax-deductible. As a participating sponsor your name or organization logo will be published on each calendar, on all marketing materials (including banners, postcards, posters, PSA's, website), and will be displayed at the release party and during the exhibition of work from the calendar at Prairie Gallery. All sponsors will also receive complimentary copies of the calendar and special mention at the October release party.

LEVEL	AMOUNT	RECOGNITION
<input type="checkbox"/> Platinum	\$1000	Calendar Sponsor: includes recognition on every month of the calendar
<input type="checkbox"/> Gold	\$500	Seasonal Sponsor: includes recognition on a season of the calendar
<input type="checkbox"/> Silver	\$100	Monthly Sponsorship: includes recognition on a month of the calendar

Indicate season or month preference:

(e.g. Autumn, July) Seasons and months will be designated in the order sponsorships are received.

1st Choice _____

2nd Choice _____

Name: _____ Title: _____

Organization: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ Zip: _____

Signature: _____ Date: _____

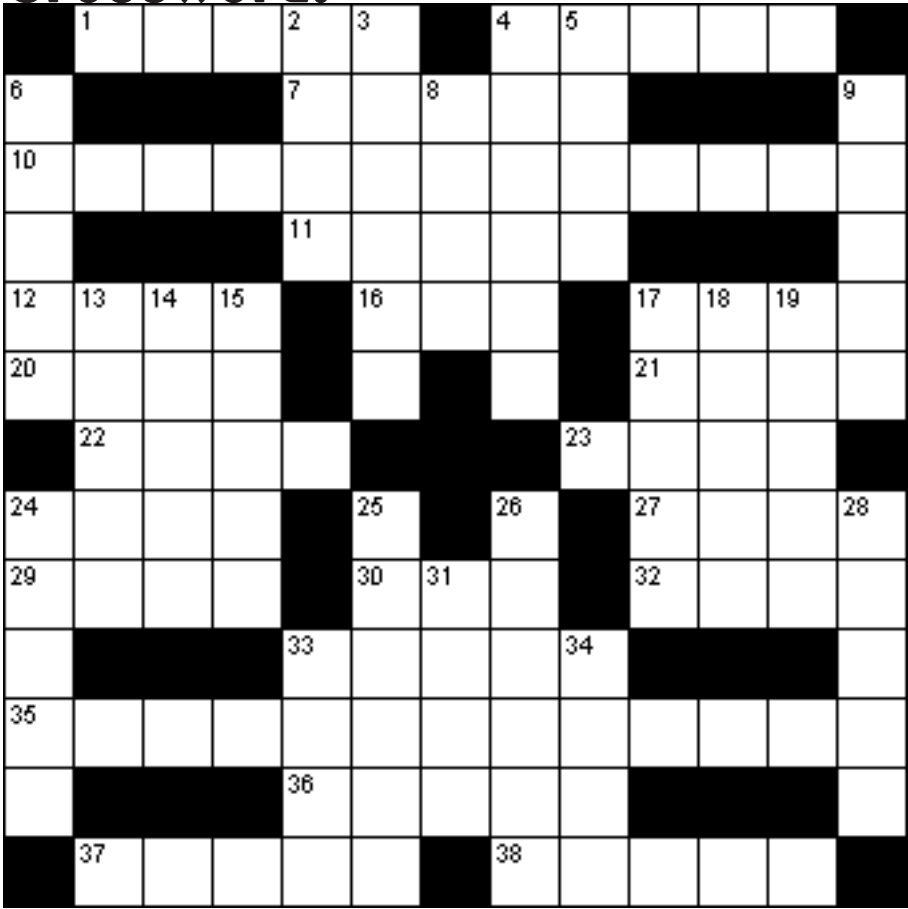
Make checks payable to:

Greater Cincinnati Coalition for the Homeless
Day by Day Calendar Project
117 E. 12th Street
Cincinnati, Ohio 45223

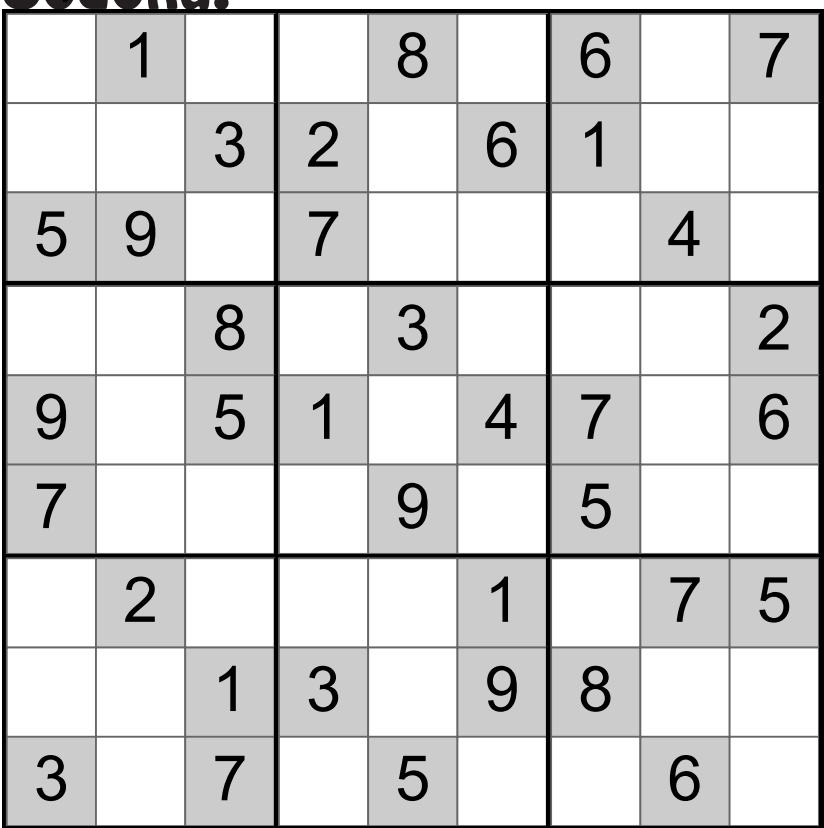
For more information, contact
Jeni Jenkins (513) 421-7803 Ex. 14 or
David Rosenthal at (513) 582-9833
Email logo to jenijenkins@cincihomeless.org

THANK YOU FOR YOUR TAX-DEDUCTIBLE SPONSORSHIP AND SUPPORT!

Crossword:



Sudoku:



#10509

www.sudoku.name

- Across
- 1. Singers
 - 4. Public affairs channel
 - 7. Majestic
 - 10. In a menacing manner
 - 11. Ethnic defense body
 - 12. Conforms to
 - 16. Article
 - 17. Duplicate
 - 20. Take flight
 - 21. Annulus
 - 22. Bring ashore
 - 23. Snakelike fish
 - 24. Not so much
 - 27. Passed with flying colors
 - 29. Gibbet
 - 30. Confederate general
 - 32. Show failing mental faculties
 - 33. Fencing position
 - 35. Obnoxious
 - 36. Former South American civilization
 - 37. Foul
 - 38. Support for injury

- Down
- 2. Persia
 - 3. Turn
 - 4. Star sign
 - 5. Inadvertent mistake
 - 6. Not supple
 - 8. Expression of agreement
 - 9. False
 - 13. Worse
 - 14. Flirt
 - 15. Detect
 - 17. Stride
 - 18. I will comply
 - 19. Small picture in a larger one
 - 24. Lieutenant Colonel (2,3)
 - 25. Tastelessly showy
 - 26. Blackballs
 - 28. Submit
 - 31. Go out
 - 33. Fraud
 - 34. Enclosure



Yesterday

WILLA DENISE JONES

Contributing Writer and Streetvibes Distributor

Yesterday is long gone and so very far behind
Yesterday is something only in our minds does it shine
Yesterday is when the elders had troubles far away
Yesterday I accept is the past so I live only for today
Someone said tomorrow is not promise and yesterday has past
Someone said right now is what's going on so tell me how long
can it last
I believe that a mixture of the past and the present in the world
of today
Is all we need to endure for the future belongs to only God I say
So why not live one day at a time and each moment experience
that treasure
I believe our lives would be much easier, happier, and full of
God's love and pleasure!

Opening my eyes

SCOTT SWITZER

Contributing Writer

Opening my eyes....has opened my heart.
How? you may ask.....
let me show you how to start.
First by being able to see,
all that has been right in front of you and of me....

There he is once again
As you walk down the street,
you are afraid to acknowledge or even let your eyes meet...
Your mind misinformed knowing not what to say,
as you try and look away....
you think to yourself, I see this every day!

Suddenly.....

You hear children laugh and giggle...
down the street they go,
as they dance and wiggle..
Their mom and dad calling for them,
and they know it is time....
For yet again they all must stand in the line..

Your perception misleads,
as you assume that they are safe....
Cause what you do not know,
Is they have no food for their plate.

Another night approaches,
they have no place to go....
Because your eyes were not open,
and today's news failed to show...
The plight of the homeless,
is bigger than you know....

By accepting the stereotype,
your mind tries to believe....
The misconception of who,
is truly in need...
Not just the visualization of a bum in a park
but the realization of a family
who has no place to lay their heads.....
After dark.

Cleo's Joke Corner

CLEO WOMBLES

Streetvibes Distributor

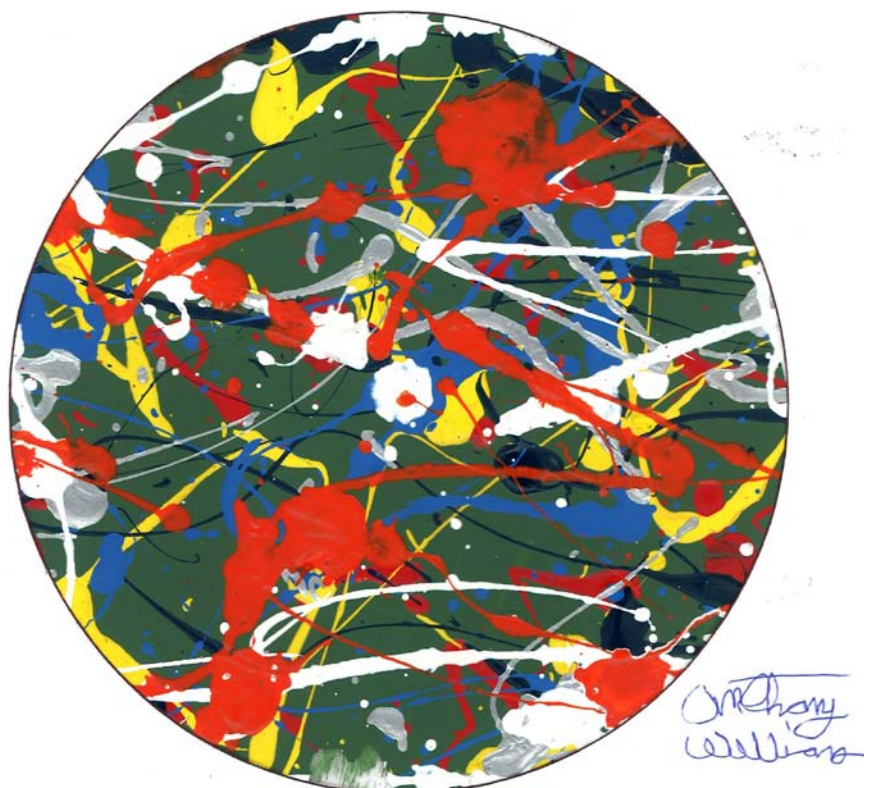


**Q:Do you know what one
peanut said to the other?**

**A: He said that he was
“ASALTED!”**

**Q:Do you know what the
hotdog said when he
crossed the finish line in
first place?**

A: He said he was a “WEINER!”



ANTHONY WILLIAMS

Streetvibes Distributor

FEED ME SEYMOUR...
FEED ME ALL NIGHT LONG!
BY JENI JENKINS

The title of this column is taken from the 1986 film "Little Shop of Horrors," where a plant keeper must meet the demands of a ravenous plant that feeds on humans. Instead of plants that feed on people, this column is for people who feed on plants!!



SAVORY BRUSCHETTA-ESQUE PIZZA

BRING A LITTLE ITALY HOME!

Funny thing about bruschetta, it's not something that you really think about making for dinner. No, usually this tasty little Italian appetizer is served as finger food at parties and gatherings. But the great thing about it is that because it so closely resembles pizza it can serve you well as a main dish. For this recipe I actually went a different direction then I had originally intended because the Kroger I went shopping at didn't have fresh basil or ripe tomatoes so I improvised. To my surprise, it turned out delish. If you are on a tight budget but craving something satisfying yet easy, you can try this as a main dish. Serving size, 4-5 bellies

Ingredients:

1 can Italian style diced tomatoes, drained	.77
1 loaf French bread, sliced down the middle	1.99
4 tablespoons extra virgin olive oil	.60
2 tablespoons butter, softened	.25
2 cloves fresh garlic, minced	.20
8 oz. Kroger brand shredded Italian cheese	1.50
1 tablespoon Italian seasoning	

Cost at Kroger:

Approximate Cost: \$5.31



- Pre-heat oven to 350 degrees
- Lay bread face up on a baking sheet.
- Combine olive oil, butter and garlic in a small bowl and mix until smooth. Brush garlic mixture on bread.
- Spread the diced tomatoes evenly on bread.
- Sprinkle bread with the cheese
- Top with italian seasoning
- Bake in oven uncovered for 15-20 minutes cheese is melted or until hot and bubbly
- Voila, FEED!

Shelter: Women and Children

Central Access Point	381-SAFE
Cincinnati Union Bethel	768-6907
300 Lytle Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	
Bethany House	557-2873
1841 Fairmount Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45214	
Grace Place Catholic Worker House	681-2365
6037 Cary Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45224	
Salvation Army	762-5660
131 E. 12th Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	
YWCA Battered Women’s Shelter	872-9259

Shelter: Men

City Gospel Mission	241-5525
1419 Elm Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	
Justice Watch	241-0490
St. Fran/St. Joe Catholic Work. House	381-4941
1437 Walnut Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	
Mt. Airy Shelter	661-4620

Shelter: Both

Anthony House (Youth)	961-4080
2728 Glendora Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45209	
Caracole (HIV/AIDS)	761-1480
1821 Summit Road, Cinti, Ohio 45237	
Drop Inn Center	721-0643
217 W. 12th Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	
Interfaith Hospitality Network	471-1100
Lighthouse Youth Center (Youth)	221-3350
3330 Jefferson, Cinti, Ohio 45220	

Housing:

CMHA	721-4580
Excel Development	632-7149
OTR Community Housing	381-1171
114 W. 14th Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	
Tender Mercies	721-8666
27 W. 12th Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	
Tom Geiger House	961-4555
Dana Transitional Bridge Services	751-0643
Volunteers of America	381-1954
Anna Louise Inn	421-5211

Food/Clothing

Lord’s Pantry	621-5300
OTR/Walnut Hills Kitchen & Pantry	961-1983
OTR: 1620 Vine Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	
Walnut Hills: 2631 Gilbert, Cinti, Ohio 45206	
Our Daily Bread	621-6364
1730 Race Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	

St. Francis Soup Kitchen	535-2719
Churches Active in Northside	591-2246
4230 Hamilton Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45223	
FreeStore/FoodBank	241-1064
112 E. Liberty Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	
Madisonville Ed & Assistance Center	271-5501
4600 Erie Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45227	
Serves area codes: 45226, 45227, 45208, 45209	
St. Vincent de Paul	562-8841
1125 Bank Street, Cinti, Ohio 45214	

Treatment: Men

Charlie’s 3/4 House	784-1853
2121 Vine Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	
Prospect House	921-1613
682 Hawthorne Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45205	
Starting Over	961-2256

Treatment: Women

First Step Home	961-4663
2203 Fulton, Cinti, Ohio 45206	

Treatment: Both

AA Hotline	351-0422
CCAT	381-6672
830 Ezzard Charles Dr. Cinti, Ohio 45214	
Joseph House (Veterans)	241-2965
1522 Republic Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	
Hamilton County ADAS Board	946-4888
Recovery Health Access Center	281-7422
Sober Living	681-0324
Talbert House	641-4300

Advocacy

Catholic Social Action	421-3131
Community Action Agency	569-1840
Contact Center	381-4242
1227 Vine Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	
Franciscan JPIC	721-4700
Gr. Cinti Coalition for the Homeless	421-7803
117 E. 12th Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	
Intercommunity Justice & Peace Cr.	579-8547
Legal Aid Society	241-9400
Ohio Justice & Policy Center	421-1108
Faces Without Places	363-3300
Stop AIDS	421-2437

Health

Center for Respite Care	621-1868
3550 Washington Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45229	

Crossroad Health Center	381-2247
5 E. Liberty St. Cinti, Ohio 45202	
Health Resource Center	357-4602
Homeless Mobile Health Van	352-2902
McMicken Dental Clinic	352-6363
40 E. McMicken Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45202	
Mental Health Access Point	558-8888
Mercy Franciscan at St. John	981-5800
1800 Logan St. Cinti, Ohio 45202	
NAMI of Hamilton County	458-6670
PATH Outreach	977-4489

Other Resources

Center Independent Living Options	241-2600
Emmanuel Community Center	241-2563
1308 Race St. Cinti, Ohio 45202	
Peaslee Neighborhood Center	621-5514
214 E. 14th St. Cinti, Ohio 45202	
Franciscan Haircuts from the Heart	381-0111
1800 Logan St. Cinti, Ohio 45202	
Goodwill industries	771-4800
Healing Connections	751-0600
Mary Magdalen House	721-4811
1223 Main St. Cinti, Ohio 45202	
People Working Cooperatively	351-7921
The Caring Place	631-1114
United Way	211
Women Helping Women	977-5541
Off The Streets	421-5211

Hamilton/Middletown

St. Raephaels	863-3184
Salvation Army	863-1445
Serenity House Day Center	422-8555
Open Door Pantry	868-3276

Northern Kentucky

Brighton Center	859-491-8303
799 Ann St. Newport, KY	
ECHO/Hosea House	859-261-5857
Fairhaven Resuce Mission	859-491-1027
Homeward Bound Youth	859-581-1111
Mathews House	859-261-8009
Homeless & Housing Coalition	859-727-0926
Parish Kitchen	859-581-7745
Pike St. Clinic	859-291-9321
Transitions, Inc	859-491-4435
Welcome House of NKY	859-431-8717
205 West Pike Street, Covington, KY 41011	
Women’s Crisis Center	859-491-3335
VA Domiciliary	859-559-5011
VA Homeless	859-572-6226

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Pays for non-profit advertisement
Prints about 575 papers

Make checks payable to the **Greater Cincinnati Coalition for the Homeless**

Capturing the Moment so It Will Last for Ever

Melvin Grier uses his camera to document both news events and daily street life.

Melvin Grier likes to quote African American civil rights writer James Baldwin who, reflecting on Richard Avedon's photography, said: "For nothing is fixed forever and ever... Generations do not cease to be born and we're responsible to them because we are the only witnesses they have."

This is the role Grier chose for himself. For over 30 years and as a photojournalist he has witnessed and recorded his time's events, paying special attention to his native city's street life and to the life of his fellow African American Cincinnatians.

Born and raised in Cincinnati, Grier graduated from Martin DePorres, an all black boy's high school in the West End. Later, he joined the Air Force, trained as a medic and based in England he worked in an obstetrical hospital at RAF Mildenhall.

and W. Eugene Smith.

When discharged from the military and back in Cincinnati, Grier decided to work as a photographer. He joined briefly a commercial studio, worked for eight years for a printing company and finally landed at the Cincinnati Post as a full time photojournalist.

"Working for the Post was a great experience," he says.

"I would be given

different assignments, some more fulfilling than others, but most importantly the opportunity every day to be out on the streets and explore things on my own."

Grier likes to call himself a street photographer. Driving the city on many of his assignments, he would encounter and capture through his lens the ordinary and the less mundane, documenting regular black people's lives and activities as well as the

societal ills that affected them. In the face of violence and increased homicides among black youth, he photographed, for instance, the many street memorials spontaneously erected for gun victims in various neighborhoods. His series *Unfinished Lives* was published in Cincinnati Magazine; it meant to make readers reflect and become involved in the

problem solving process. Grier also took pictures at Cease Fire Cincinnati vigils held at the sites of the shootings, sharing them with the deceased's family and friends and printing them at some point in the Post, raising awareness about the issue.

Sensitive to the displacement of poor people caused by the rehabbing of urban neighborhoods and having seen many of his childhood places, including the building where he grew up, demolished in order to "serve progress", he took many pictures of the changing status of Over The Rhine and the resulting effects on its inhabitants. He wanted thus to state history and resist, even if only symbolically, the ongoing gentrification of the area.

"Progress comes and poor people move on," he says. "Parts of Over the Rhine are looking very up-scale these days, unfortunately at the expense of the disadvantaged, mostly African Americans, who, in the process, lose part of their past."

For the same reasons Grier documented the deteriorating condition of Washington Park. Initially a welcoming green space for the neighborhood, the park had become in the last few years a neglected, littered and dangerous place to frequent.

"I was convinced this was deliberately allowed to happen," he



Melvin Grier stands in front of his photograph *Checkers Players*. Photo: Bill Howes.

says. "The agenda, as we know it, is to uproot the poor. It was important to be a voice for them."

Homeless individuals and panhandlers also often found their way in his photographs. Grier considers them part of what makes the city, and their begging to earn a living similar to a job. His photograph *Pokemon* represents a homeless man of the same name, sitting under the snow, holding a blessing sign and asking passer-bys for charity.

"Pokemon would sit there every single day, a constant feature of the city," says Grier. "He surely was not lazy; something else must have been going on in him. But if anything he added daily compassion and humanity to the busy urban life."

Thanks to his job at the *Post*, Grier was also able to travel the world. He visited, among other countries, El Salvador, Eritrea, Somalia, Kenya, Vietnam, Cuba, Haiti... and at each of his abroad assignments captured the human, social and political issues of the place, amazed by the cultural diversity, connecting with the local people.

"There are obvious differences between cultures," he says. "If we ignore them and do not reach out to understand them, we become prejudiced and develop a racist attitude."

His statement relates well to his own experience having encountered wide spread racial discrimination, intolerance and inequity growing up as a black child in the 50's, training as a medic in Montgomery, Alabama, and witnessing the racial violence of the 60's.

Even though his personal and private work dealt primarily with African American subjects, the majority of Grier's assignments as a photojournalist related to white people and resulted in photos exclusively depicting them.

"I often would be the only black person present and the one taking the pictures," he says. He recently showed in an exhibit titled *White People* sixty of these pictures taken at different times. Seen with the eyes of a minority individual, they again remind of diversity and of the need to reach out and learn about others.

"Everything to me is about photography," says Grier. "I used it for my job, but also to document things I care about, the human condition in my city, its street life, the problems facing the African American community, jazz, store front churches... It served also as my voice when I needed to make a statement, for instance when opposing the zoo's expansion at the expense of its residential neighborhood..."

Now retired, Grier continues his love affair with the camera. He still wants his photographs to touch emotionally and connect with the viewer, also capture the present moment and life as it goes on.

Artists as Activists

SAAD GHOSN
Contributing Writer

There and during his off-duty time, he picked up photography and learned basic skills and technique at the photo hobby shop on the base. With a camera in hand and a stainless steel developing tank to reveal his images he experienced the power of pictures, discovering at the same time the potent social works of Cartier-Bresson, Gordon Parks



Pokemon, color photograph Photo: Melvin Grier.